

A CLOSTER OF BIDS

Soon to Unfold in the Scented
Air of Capital Society.

YOUTH, BEAUTY, TALENT

Combined in the Persons of This
Season's Debutantes.

PAIR GIRLS OF WASHINGTON'S 400

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)
WASHINGTON, December 7.

THE pretty girls of the country have captured the Capital. They walk by the hundreds every afternoon along Pennsylvania avenue. Their sweet, rosy faces shine out from the galleries of the House and the Senate, and their bright eyes turn to gaze at the dashing young men who dash past them in the drives of the city.

Washington is a city of homes, and the new administration has brought in new blood, and the crop of fresh girls contains more beauties than the famed gallery of the making of Bavaria in the palace at Munich. Verily, nature has smiled upon our statesmen's daughters in this year of our Lord, 1890, and all that art and money can do is being done to make their appearance in the next year's social garden one of splendor, of sweetness, and light. Thousands have been lavished upon their dresses, and lying away in the jewel cases of the Capital are diamonds by the quart, and pearls by the peck. The dresses of this year will be finer than ever before, but the girls will surpass the dresses, and the debutantes will be brighter than the diamonds.



daughter of the Attorney General, and she has assisted her mother in Indianapolis society since she was 16. This is her first winter in Washington, and her popularity is already assured, for she is vivacious, and enters into every amusement with a child's enjoyment, and has a pleasing manner. She will have as her guest, for a part of the season, Miss Annie Constant, an Indiana girl, who plays divinely, and who will also be an especial favorite at the White House.

The Postmaster General's daughter, Miss Minnie, has stolen a march on the other roses. She was presented at a social month ago at "Lindenhurst," the Washington country place, near Philadelphia. Mrs. Wamsamaker will be in the Quaker City very little after the season begins, and she wished to present her daughter to her friends before leaving. Miss Minnie does not know it, but her entrance into Washington society is looked for more eagerly than that of any of the others. Everyone of the score of debutantes knows that she is pretty, traveled, and of consummate art in dress.

Chief Justice Fuller has eight daughters. All of Chief Justice Fuller's daughters are pretty, but no one would deny

that the youngest, Miss Elizabeth Elkins, daughter of Mr. Stephen B. Elkins by his first wife, her entrance into Washington society will be under the auspices of a very handsome woman, Mrs. Clark, wife of the Assistant Postmaster General. Miss Elkins has a magnificent physique, and is one of the most genuinely clever girls in the country. She is a young girl, and is not yet 18. She is a daughter of Ohio's new Governor, and was presented in January by her mother; but as that is the time of her father's inauguration, at Columbus, O., she will not appear at the Capital until later. Much of the season, however, she will spend here, and she can really be called a Washington girl. She is one of the few decided brunettes.

Miss Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of Ohio's new Governor, was to have been presented in January by her mother; but as that is the time of her father's inauguration, at Columbus, O., she will not appear at the Capital until later. Much of the season, however, she will spend here, and she can really be called a Washington girl. She is one of the few decided brunettes.

Miss Mary Jones, daughter of the late Senator, is a very pretty girl, and is expected to be one of the most popular of the season. She is a daughter of Ohio's new Governor, and was presented in January by her mother; but as that is the time of her father's inauguration, at Columbus, O., she will not appear at the Capital until later. Much of the season, however, she will spend here, and she can really be called a Washington girl. She is one of the few decided brunettes.

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Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia, may be called the White House debutante, as she will appear in Washington society under the auspices of Mrs. Harrison. She has already spent two weeks there, and is greatly favored by the President's wife. She is a noble-looking young woman, tall, with a carriage of head and shoulders which only a life of exercise can give. She is a favorite with the Cabinet girls, many of whom she went to school with, and she also counts her friends in the select resident society.

Miss Davis has a niece almost as old as herself, who will appear at the Capital during the season. This is Miss Elizabeth Elkins, daughter of Mr. Stephen B. Elkins by his first wife. Her entrance into Washington society will be under the auspices of a very handsome woman, Mrs. Clark, wife of the Assistant Postmaster General. Miss Elkins has a magnificent physique, and is one of the most genuinely clever girls in the country. She is a young girl, and is not yet 18. She is a daughter of Ohio's new Governor, and was presented in January by her mother; but as that is the time of her father's inauguration, at Columbus, O., she will not appear at the Capital until later. Much of the season, however, she will spend here, and she can really be called a Washington girl. She is one of the few decided brunettes.

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WHY DON'T HE MARRY?

Some Reasons Given by Young Men
of To-Day for Not Marrying.

BENEDICT CHAMBERS VS WEDLOCK.

Mrs. Frank Lettice on the Marital State and
Its Happiness.

THE ESSENTIALITY OF MARRIAGE

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

Straws show which way the wind blows, and a quiet little addition to the building interests of New York especially, and other cities in their degree, shows the growth of a new phase of our American life, likely to make a large mark upon the future.

Benedict Chambers is a favorite name for these new edifices, and that of course means that they are intended for bachelors' quarters, although in passing let us wonder, as I often do, why Benedict, who is chiefly famous because he did marry, and call himself "Benedict the married man," should be chosen as the type of resolved and settled bachelor.

Until lately, a young unmarried man was considered and accommodated at a sort of bird of passage; he had a tiny room in his father's house, or he boarded somewhere, or he lived at a hotel, or he lodged in one house and ate in another or at a cafe; he was on his promotion; he was not living, but staying; he was the half of a pair, but he was not a pair; he was a transitional figure, not worth planning or formulating very accurately.

If he hung long on hand, people began to say, "What does he do? He surely has salary enough, hasn't he?" And if by chance he remained unmarried, he became a sort of phenomenon, was called an old bachelor, and his life was looked upon with a certain amount of curiosity and interest.

But the luxurious and carefully planned Benedict Chambers do not accord with this idea. They are evidently intended for men who already have secured a sufficient income for modest marriage, but who do not intend to spend their money in that way; for men who say two or three or five thousand a year as the round sum of their income, and who are not content with that, but are looking for a little more, for one, but not enough for two.

These gentlemen consider that a pretty safe bet, and they may be right. He who has salary enough, and who does not intend to spend it, is a man who is not a pair, but he is a pair in the eyes of the world. He is a man who is not a pair, but he is a pair in the eyes of the world. He is a man who is not a pair, but he is a pair in the eyes of the world.

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achieved, for they leave the place where they stood vacant when they fall, and the world, although it may be wiser, cannot be the richer because they have lived.

It is hardly worth while, however, to fret very much over the perversity of those who will not follow out this benign law of nature, or the silly, extravagant girls who discover age; them, for, after all, they are only obeying another law of not so much nature as destiny—one of those bits of quiet irony with which the gods play. They may shape our ends, rough hew them how they may, often diversify their labors. Look through the history of the world, the life of the civilized nations, and you will find every one of them governed by this unwritten but unchanging law; while life is simple, the need of population control, and communities small, marriage will be looked upon as desirable, and nearly all young persons will seek, desire and accomplish it. Life will be easy, and children will spring up like buttercups in June.

NATURE KNOWS BEST. Later on capital becomes concentrated, rich men wealthier and poor men poorer, labor less honorable, the standard of comfort advanced beyond what was once the limit of luxury, the cities grow too large to be called communities, business takes on the air of piracy or predatory warfare, and men no longer profess to care much for building up a country or ennobling the patriotism of their grandsons.

Then comes the era of Benedict Chambers; then does destiny permit their young men to contract their lives into selfish, cynical bachelorhood, and their minds to withdraw upon the stem or to find themselves a "vocation" in the world or the convent, for at this point of space and time there is no need of population, no need of pioneers, no need of building up an already overgrown center. She sees, too, does she not that an effect of overcivilization and exhausted stock is not the one whence to take scions for new plantations, and the simply leaves them to run, struggle where they will, untrained, untaught, and untried, and finally die down and disappear.

Nature knows best; nature has her laws and her intentions; and quiet though she be in most of her ways, the combined effect of civilization and the whole of the race will not effect her methods in the least.

MRS. FRANK LETTICE.

THE STREET CAR HOG.

There are Times When the Hog is Not of Masculine Gender.

The street car hog is as various as the human race. Sometimes the hog has its own way and sometimes it doesn't. It was on a hotball car. A gorgeously attired woman with a square chin and strident voice gets in with a couple of friends. She fills the car, and the other passengers, assuming the gentleman next her says:

"Sir, will you kindly get me a package of tickets?"

"He pulls out of the seat into which she had wedged him to get the tickets. He slides along, her party squirms in, and in a second the space the gentleman vacated is filled with her. The gentleman returns to his seat, and asks:

"Pardon me, madam, but I think you are sitting on something that is mine."

"Am I?" she asks, and rises heavily that she may get it. He slips into the vacated seat.

"Yes, madam. You were sitting on my seat."

Madam is paralyzed, and the passengers laugh, giggle, scream, shout, roar or howl, according to age, sex, or previous condition of servitude. The mortified woman pulls out of the car, and tries to catch the car stop, with a face you could light a cigar by, leaving her friends behind. The gentleman looks severely unconscious, and the car full of people feel the rest of the way home because one car hog has gotten such a come-uppance.

BISMARCK'S LIBRARY TASTES.

The Chancellor a Student of Greek and Latin but Not of English.

The Iron Chancellor is quite a connoisseur in books, and has added without very much expense at any time to the small library that he began to gather when a student. He is a good Greek and Latin scholar also, and often assumes himself by translating from the original. He is not nearly so voluminous a reader as Mr. Gladstone, and is not always looking for a gem or something that will repay the pursuit of a stupid chapter. He once explained to a friend that the book most interesting to him at the moment was the "Annals of the Emperor of the East." He says little or no attention to English or American literature, and although many of the English and American men of letters have tried to catch the rest of the world by their work, he has not been well acquainted with their work.

He possesses a well thumbed copy of Whitman's poems, and likes to spend an hour or so in reading them. He has a copy of the "Breakfast Table." When some great work has appeared in either English or America, and is translated into German, Bismarck reads it, but he does not read it with the same interest as he does with the work of Whitman's poems, and likes to spend an hour or so in reading them.

WHERE THEY DREW THE LINE.

Where They Draw the Line.

Where They Draw the Line.

ERRANT IN THE ROCKIES

AN IRISH GENTLEMAN'S ADVENTURE IN AMERICA.

By JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY, M. P., AND ALBERT DELPIT.

(WRITTEN FOR THE PITTSBURGH DISPATCH.)

rect glance seemed to embarrass the lady, for she blushed slightly, and spoke in the plaintive, imploring tone of a child: "You have seen, Madam, he being a male, I am not permitted to call you Talbot, simply, and in return, instead of that everlasting 'Madam,' please give me my Christian name, which is Maria."

"Talbot," he answered. "Don't you find it tiresome to call me 'Madam' all the time?"

"Oh, how respectful our Irishmen always are. Russians and Americans are at their ease immediately. So I'm going to ask your permission to call you Talbot, simply, and in return, instead of that everlasting 'Madam,' please give me my Christian name, which is Maria."

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Once, two years ago, I tried to cure myself. I went to Berlin to the only hospital that there is in Europe for maladies of this kind. The superintendent made me sign a paper promising to remain a prisoner for three months. Unhappily, after several weeks, I fell back into my bad habits. But let us talk of other things.

A sort of intimacy was gradually arising between them, and when they met again at night in the dining room of the hotel one would have supposed them to be two old friends meeting after a long separation. The lady ate with a good appetite, chattering with Talbot and uttering a thousand follies. They went to a theatrical entertainment. Once she said, smiling: "What is your first name?"

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